IN A COTTAGE GARDEN. Betwixt our apple-boughs, how clear Betwixt our apple-boughs, how clear
The violet Western hills appear,
As calmly ends another day
Of earth's long history—trom the ray
She with slow majestic motion
Wheeling continent and ocean
Into her own dim shade, where through
The outer heavens come into view.
Deep beyond deep. In thought conceive
This rolling globe whereon we live,
(For in the mind, and there alone,
A picture of the world is shown)—
How hare it is, how full of things,
As round the royal sun it swings,
In one of many subject rings—
Carrying our cottage with the rest,
Its rose-lawn and its martin's nest.
But, number every grain of sand,
Wherever salt wave touches land;
Number in single drops the sea;
Number the leaves on every tree;
Number carth's hiving creatures, all
That run, that fly, that swim, that crawl;
Of sands, drops, leaves, and lives, the count
Add up into one vast amount;
And then, for every separate one
Of all these, let a thaming sun
Whirl in the skies, encircled each
With its own massy worlds. No reach
Of thought sufflees.

Look aloft.
The stars are gathering. Cool and soft

PART OF THE PART THEORY SUNDAY, AUGUST 15, 1894—TO SERVICE THE PART OF THE PAR The state of the s

Christmas-tree together, and celebrated their Scan dinavian ynle by telling stories and talking of ther friends at home.

MALIBRAN AND HER PATHER.

A pleasing story, which does credit to the sentiment of French theatre-goers, is tood by M. Legouw in a recently published volume on Mahbran. The violent temper of Maibran's father, Garcia, cause a severe quarrel, which resulted in a separation of father and daughier. The breach had aiready lasted several years when, one evening, the open "Othello" was produced at the Theatre Italies with Garcia in the role of Othello and Mahbran it that, of Desdemons. The daughter, as usual, we admirable in the part, and the father, unwilling to be outdone, became once more the Garcia of his best years. The success was complete, and an enthus aster recall necessitated the hasty raising of the curtain after it had fallen on the first act. Desdemona was discovered almost as black as Othello Moved by the ovation in which both had shared Malibran had thrown berself into the arms of he father, and in the embraces which ensued Garcii had imprinted upon her features some of the dy which stained his own. M. Legouvé was presen on the occasion, and he says that no one in the theatre thought of laughing; the audience immediately understood the affecting nature of the in cident, and ignoring all that was grotesque in it "they applauded with transport the father and daughter, reconciled by their art, their talents and their triumph." From The Patl Mail Gazette

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